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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—67 North Seventy Street.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1877.

PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN LITERA- TURE!

This land of ours is, par excellence, the country for phenomenal success in literature, and there are several well-defined reasons why it should be so. In the first place, Americans like change and have a thorough appreciation of novelty. They get tired of reading books written in a conventional style, and weary of the monotony that naturally attends an author, no matter how talented, for every writer has certain trains of thought and certain mannerisms of composition that cannot be shaken off. In the second place, our people are fond of marked particularities suddenly sprung upon them, and eagerly snap at quaintly drawn characters in fiction and bizarre ideas in works partaking of the nature of essays. In the third place, American readers do not on exceptional originality in literature, and grapple it to their hearts "with both hands." Many other reasons might be given for the sudden and overwhelming popularity of certain writers in our midst, but we imagine that those already advanced will suffice for the purpose of this article.

All are aware of the meteor-like rise from obscurity of Bret Harte, who, in "The Heathen Chinee," struck a chord that vibrated throughout the length and breadth of the country. The result was that from the editorship of a comparatively unknown periodical, he became, in a remarkably short space of time, the most prominent literateur in the land, and his writings commanded princely prices. To be sure, "The Heathen Chinee" was but a serial, so to speak, yet it opened the gate to fame and gave its author an opportunity to show the world that he could write poems of far superior merit and prose sketches that are unrivaled in their peculiar vein. Not quite so phenomenal a success was that of Professor Wm. Mathews, of Chicago, who is now widely known as the "Timothy Titcomb" of the West, but, nevertheless, this talented writer had a very rapid rise, and has maintained his popularity even more steadily than Bret Harte has maintained his. Professor Mathews, however, chose a slower field of action, and was content to labor as an essayist. Holmes and Holland had worked this field in a tolerably exhaustive manner, before the advent of their Western rival, but the latter, though he took up the old subjects, treated them in a novel style, and thus gratified the American longing for change. To-day, with all due acknowledgment of the power of Holmes and Holland, Professor Mathews is more popular with the mass of readers than either of them.

John Habberton's case was truly a phenomenal one. Prior to the advent of "Helen's Babies," he had struggled along the thorny paths of journalism without either much encouragement or much promise. He had actually failed as a paragraphist on the New York Herald, and "The Bartons' Experiment" had not made a very pronounced hit. We all know how he threw together the pages of "Helen's Babies" to beguile the dragging hours of his sick wife, and how he afterwards, as he himself avows, cast the wick on the sea of literature, expecting it to float for a brief space and then sink forever out of sight. But in "Helen's Babies" Habberton had, perhaps unconsciously, made a new departure from the beaten track of fiction, and had, as it were, become the apostle of a new school of writing. The public recognized these facts, and John Habberton, one day the obscure journalist, the next found himself famous. His little book had an instant and an enormous success in the United States, and was reprinted in England with a like result. His author followed it rapidly with other ventures, which curious readers were eager to pursue and peruse. He, however, like a conscientious man, bestowed more care on his later productions than on "Helen's Babies," and the event was beneficial to his literary reputation, as was proven by the reception accorded to him "Jericho Road" by both press and people. This novel, to our mind, is decidedly the very best thing that Habberton has yet produced.

In France, phenomenal success in literature is not so frequent occurrence as in this country, not because the French, especially the Parisians, are less eager for change than the Americans, but because they are more critical and exacting. They never will over a book before they give it their unqualified approval, and some of the firms of the Paris publishing houses do not become popular until they creep slowly through five or six, or even eight, editions. In the United States, on the contrary, a book makes its hit at once or not at all, though it may remain what is called a "stunner" without attaining permanent or general renown, and thus draws a series of phenomenal successes. It is not for us to quarrel with the pronouncements of our nation, and, at any rate, we could not find it in our heart to put the phenomenal hit of an American author, who, perhaps, for long years, had toiled unremitted and unknown, to

pray to doubtful as to his abilities, and more than half disengaged with the pen and the life of drudgery that, in the great majority of cases, follows in its wake.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Many persons, especially of the stronger sex, are apt to consider love of flowers effeminate. Perhaps it may be, nevertheless, it carries with it a refinement of taste highly commendable. We never see a gentleman with a little tuft of roses in his button-hole, or a lady with a bouquet, that we do not feel instinctively that we are in the presence of a human being whose thoughts and sentiments are above those of the common mass. Doubtless, flowers were thick in Capri, and their subtle perfume may have had not a little to do with turning the Carthaginian warriors into arbitrates, but even for that offence we must forgive them.

Flowers are the emblem of peace and love, and the heart that cherishes them cannot be otherwise than peaceful and lovable. They strew the church on festive occasions, deck the marriage feast and are laid on the coffin—and in all these instances they bring with them a sense of comfort, quietude and resignation. The church is all the brighter for their presence, the marriage feast all the more joyous, and the coffin all the less mournful. Mrs. Hemans, or some other English poet, called them "day-stars," and no name could possibly be more appropriate, for like stars they light up our homes and our hearts, and fill us with the cheerfulness of their presence. The blue vault above us would lack half its beauty without the stars, and the earth would be dull and dark indeed without its flowers.

To our notion, the hanging-basket, with its masses of drooping buds, makes a room, barren of all other ornament, a place of attraction and cosiness. The bare walls of a hospital become cheerful when their dreary blankness is relieved with a few garlands of humble flowers, and we are told that the invalids of these places of refuge for the suffering poor experience relief in their presence, and are more easily cured when they can cast their eyes upon them and drink in their modest beauty and beautiful fragrance. Hence, the kind ladies of the various flower missions bring them into these realms of affliction, and are blessed for so doing by their fellow in distress. The flower missions are styled beautiful charitable, and, in truth, they are so.

We have all read in Saintine's eloquent language the touching story of Count Charney and his "Picciola," the little gillyflower that illuminated the darkness of his prison house, and who shall say that in his case the love of the tiny plant was not a benefit and a blessing. We say to everybody, stir up your dormant affection and love the flowers with which the Omnipotent has carpeted the earth. They are here for a purpose, and that purpose is the mission of peace and joy. Love the flowers, and pass silently by the scoffers and the inane who would endeavor to lessen your thorough appreciation of them and the holy calm they inspire.

OUR SANCTUARY CHAT.

In a recent article on "Cards by Post," the London World says: "Our modern practice of interchanging cards is scarcely to be explained on any rational theory of social intercourse. The duty of leaving cards at houses where a dance or dinner has been given or may be anticipated, falls as a serious tax on the time and strength of all classes, but especially of the carriageless portion of the community: and a grievance which was trifling when London distances were less enormous, calls for a remedy when, simply to deliver a card into the hands of a footman, may involve a pilgrimage from Prince's Gate to Portman Place, or from Bayswater to Westminster. No better remedy can be suggested than that which is the most obvious one—namely, the transmission of cards in a sealed letter, or, better still, on the blank side of a half-penny card, engraved with the name of the grateful guest, as on the piece of cardbord at present in vogue? Inasmuch as it savors of a surpreme attempt to evade the strict letter of etiquette, this plan is, at least, preferable to the alternative plan, commonly resorted to by single gentlemen, of leaving their cards with a butler over night, on trust to deliver them the following afternoon. If it should be feared that in passing through the post-office cards would lose the sentiment involved in them, it may be replied that they have long since lost any sentiment worth preserving. Originally they expressed, as they occasionally do now, a genuine regret at having failed to meet a friend; but their existing use is an extension and abuse of their original intention, desirous of any real feeling of friendliness, and expressive of nothing beyond a cold conformity to the received canons of politeness.

The accumulated ingenuity of generations has seriously complicated the primitive simplicity of card-leaving. The exact significance of a dog-eared card, the fitting apportionment of cards in a family, are among the questions which belong to the vagues, or wild waste land, of unwritten etiquette; and to expect any to carry about with him a complete knowledge of card-leaving is an little reason as to expect a man to possess a portable knowledge of the pedigrees of the Plantagenets."

The Boston Saturday Gazette: "There is a season of suspension of active operations in the Eastern war, following the Russian defeat at Plevna. The Russians appear to be massing bodies of troops so large as to render another defeat impossible. The nation needs to adopt this policy. She has suffered severely in prestige since the war with Turkey commenced. In fact, all her advances have been won by overpowering numbers, or by the anarchy in the councils of her enemies. Whether Russia succeeds or not, it would seem that there need be less of jealousy of her than was expected to exist as the result of the war. The objections to her success on the part of the European powers will lose in weight from this cause. The desire for it on the part of everybody else need to be immovably confirmed by recent developments. So

may be said to be a necessity in the interest of humanity, as well as of Christian civilization. The barbarities of the Turks, their revolting cruelties and fearful massacres of non-conformists, have sent a thrill of horror through the world. Frightful as they are to contemplate, they would be small in comparison with the ravaging and the butchery that would follow their retribution of Bulgaria. The prayers of humanity everywhere should go with the Russians, because the Russians are the only bar to a slaughter of innocent and helpless people which the imagination shudders to contemplate. Civilization has known no such atrocious in warfare as the Turks have shown themselves capable of perpetrating. Were the fabled dragons of antiquity to come to life and reality, their permission to prey would be but a reproach than is the toleration of a nation like Turkey in these deeds of horror. If she cannot be driven out of Europe, may the unfortunate Christian people be spared from the butchery which another Turkish victory would bring to them."

The following account of the manner in which the tobacco manufacture became a State monopoly in France will be found interesting: In the early part of 1810 Napoleon's attention was drawn to the magnificent diamonds worn by a certain lady; he inquired who she was, and learned that her husband was a tobacco manufacturer. In the following November a decree appeared which announced that this trade would in future be a State monopoly. It is to-day. There are sixteen factories.

It has latterly increased her exports instead of curtailing them, and those who expected the war in the East to cause an immediately increased demand for American breadstuffs, as well as an advance in their price, have thus far been disappointed. England has certainly imported more wheat and flour since Russia declared war against Turkey than before, but Russia, at the same time, has increased its exports of these same commodities in a wonderful degree. For instance, the returns of the British board of trade show that the imports of wheat from Russia into England during the month of June last amounted to \$5,140,000, while during the corresponding month of 1876 their value was only \$865,000. The London Economist, in discussing these figures, attributes the comparatively large supplies of wheat received in England from the East "to the effect of the war in hastening the dispatch of all available grain from the disturbed territories, some of it coming by rail through Germany, by the way of Marseilles. That it was the war," the editor of the Economist continues, "and not the recent rise in prices which gave this impulse to the consignments of grain from abroad, may be gathered from the fact that the month's imports of wheat from the undisturbed countries, notably America, are much less instead of greater, notwithstanding the high prices." Another cause assigned for the increased exports from Russia is the depreciation of the domestic paper money in that country. Paper roubles, even worth thirty pence, English money, each in exchange value when the war broke out, are worth only twenty-four pence now—a depreciation of twenty per cent.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, "Richard's Marriage," by Andre Theuriet, which has just been issued as the second volume of Appleton's "Collection of French Authors." Andre Theuriet is one of the rising writers in France. "Le Rêve des Deux Mamelles" is not of that of Emile Zola and Alphonse Daudet, is nevertheless great. As a novelist, he is chaste, tender and sincere, and his special field is picturing provincial life and manners in a series of clever sketches. His novels and his plays should be found in beautiful descriptions of them. His style is fresh, graceful and delicate, and shows careful polish. "Richard's Marriage" is not burdened with either a complicated plot or much interest in detail, but full of fine character sketches and charming dialogue. It is refined in tone, and will undoubtedly find favor in the eyes of American readers. The work of translating into English has been fully done. "Richard's Marriage" is a well-illustrated paper-bound book, small quarto volume of 217 pages. Price, in paper cover, 50 cents per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. Clayton, Remond & Haffelfinger.

We have received from Messrs. T. B. Peter & Co., New York, "The Queen's Favourite," by Alfred de Musset, a historical romance of the sixteenth century, and the second volume of "Peter's Della's Series of Good Novels." It will be found to be superior to the average of new books of the present day, as the author combines in it a graceful and elegant style, a high degree of depth, highly cultivated intellect, and other important essentials of a good novelist. It is a story, very fascinating, as a deeply interesting novel, and one that can well be read. It is not difficult to understand the title of "Richard's Marriage," by Andre Theuriet, and "Richard's Marriage" is a well-illustrated paper-bound book, small quarto volume of 217 pages. Price, in paper cover, 50 cents per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. Clayton, Remond & Haffelfinger.

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WILDFERNSHIRE.

But with every house in Gales good gift
With love in many feathers when we left
Find in one sign high's winter blower
Loud and clear, and with a voice of power
In certain positions, and with louder still,
It plays around like April's leaves and flowers,
It comes to life, and with a voice of power
With thousand harmonies make the heart
That welcome it all day—serve a smart,
But love, we cry, is crueler than heart.
The love, we cry, is crueler than heart.
And then, oh, man, when love has caused to bleed,
Our broken hearts cry out for the balm.

We long for tenderness like that which here
A broken heart, that no pen can touch
Can praise again, since silence reigns at last.
A love, we cry, is crueler than heart.
The children of the hills are dying down,
A broken heart, that no pen can touch
The reddest rose we group—bent when it died,
God grant, that we may group—bent when it died,
The love, we cry, is crueler than heart.
Our great love, however his autumn skies
Great come round us, here near to bleed,
Our way with simple tenderness!

A Bride From the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF A LIFE-TIME," "REDHEADED BY LOVE," "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY."

ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

The day after that I saw the Captain, with a strange look on his face—a look that seemed to indicate that something was wrong. It struck me—I do not know why—that his eyes had a half-distracted, wild expression; his brows were knitted, his lips closed with almost terror, his determination, while over all was something of wondering doubt and dread. Naturally my first thought was for his wife—she was ill, or something ailed her. I went up to him hurriedly.

"Good morning, Captain. How is Mrs. Hardwick?"

"She is well, I think. I have been on deck all night."

"You have? Is there any danger then?"

"I hope not. But—"

He did not finish his sentence, for two or three of the chief officers came on deck, and they were soon engaged in a very earnest conversation.

There was something wrong, I felt sure, and for a moment my heart almost stood still. But if there was anything to fear, now was the time for courage. Yet what could there be to dread? The silent, sunlit ocean lay calm, and serene. There was no cloud in the sky. In the far distance there was a great glimmer of the fertile islands that abound in that part of the Indian Ocean. The thrum of the great engine was as regular as the beat of a human heart—the Water Queen was cleaving proudly the clear green waters.

What could be wrong? There was no threatening of storm or tempest; no whisper into which the Water-Queen could be drawn down; the laughing skies had no herald of coming horror. Yet I saw the face of the ship's officers grow grave and more apprehensive. I saw the chief mate looking out with troubled eyes on the fair morning sea. Just then the noise lasted, while a number of sailors were seen to be busy at the pumps.

Night fell, and the noise ceased; the stars came out in the sky; the rippling waters were hushed and still. I saw the Captain with the white smile, set fair on deck. I had not been able to exchange a word with him since the morning. I went to him now.

"There is a dark look-out for us. You know what has happened, Sir Gordon?"

"The ship struck on one of the rocks," I said.

"Yes; and there is a great gaping wound in her side."

"I have heard the men at work all day," I said.

"They went up to me at that juncture with a shamed face."

"Good morning, Sir Gordon. By the way, what a dreadful mistake I made the other day! My wife has not forgiven me yet."

My thoughts were so entirely with the group of officers that I wished the stout little gentleman, and his ruddy-faced face half a mile away. I must have looked vacantly at him, for he continued:

"My wife and the bitter tears—do you not remember? Bosie always likes a glass; but she heard Mrs. Chaplin say it was an unladylike habit, as she never touches it now, unless I can get it for her when she is away. She was cross that you should see it."

I saw the face of the group I was watching grow graver, and, turning impishly to him, I answered:

"Good morning, Captain." I said. "You look pained. There is nothing wrong, I hope?"

He raised his eyes to my face, and seemed to look beyond me—I was a troubled, far-off gaze.

He turned, laid his hand on my shoulder, and looked straight into my eyes.

"Sir Gordon, will you trust me?" he said. "Only Heaven knows how we have gone wrong, but wrong we are. We are out of our reckoning—out of our course."

I did not understand much about nautical matters, but the tone of his voice showed me there was serious danger.

"When do you suppose that it happened?" I asked.

"During the night of the storm," he replied. "It seems a strange thing to say, but we are so much out of our reckoning as to be almost lost."

"But all will come right again," I said; "a skilful seaman like yourself can remedy the evil." He drew nearer to me.

"It is strange how I trust you," he said. "It seems to me, when I look at you, that the picture of the Border Knight has come to life and that I am speaking to him. That evil can be remedied, but the danger lies here." He lowered his voice as he spoke. "Near this Island of Santa Anna is a reef of rocks. They strike out far and wide under the water. Listen, Sir Gordon. They are so sharp and so pointed that a vessel striking on one would be wounded as a living animal is wounded by a sharp knife."

"Even, if it should arise, you have clever skilful seamen who can repair the damage," I said.

"Not if done by the Santa Anna rocks," he replied. "If we get safely away from here, we may thank Heaven. I for one fear the danger. You must keep my secret, Sir Gordon. Not a word before the others. It will be time enough for that to know when the word comes."

"And your wife?" I said. A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Ah, my wife! She always hated the sea. My poor wife—poor Laurie—If anything happens to the good ship or to me, take care of her, Sir Gordon. Now go; I must attend to my duty. Poor Laurie, she had a foreboding about the sea. Remember, a bright face before the storm."

He went away. Looking on the smiling green and the blue radiance skies, I did not and could not believe there was danger. The far-off Island of Santa Anna lay green and beautiful under the light of the sun. Danger—what nonsense! Danger lay in storms and angry waters, danger lay in fire and tempests, not in sunlight and laughing waves. I went a dream, the horrible background of danger making their pleasant companionship the pleasant. Mrs. Chaplin told me, with tears in her eyes, that this was one of her child's birthday, adding that a strange weight lay at her heart, and how she would give much to the child's face. Major Stanton was

busy with his wife and children; Charley was all devotion to his pretty wife, Mrs. Vane, still looking like a tender cloud at her husband, talked amiably to me. The morning was fine, and we sat on deck, some reading, some working others watching the children at play—the sun shining over a pleasant picture. Laurie Stewart was by Mrs. Chaplin's side, looking better, and smiling over the days that must elapse before we landed, enjoying, too, the far-off prospect of the "green island in the glittering sea."

"If you could swim across, Sir Gordon, as Leander did the Hellespont, and gather me some handful of flowers, wet with dew?"

I wished from the depths of my heart that I could. No fairer face smiled on Leander from Greece than that which smiled on me now. Laurie raised her beautiful face to the smiling skies.

"I often wonder," she said, "if flowers—"

She never finished her sentence. Suddenly there was a terrible groaning sound, as though the good ship were being dragged over sharp stones—a dull, horrible sound; the vessel lurched heavily to the right, then to the left; more groaning groaned followed, the ship trembled, and then it seemed suddenly to right itself and float easily again. The passengers stood looking at each other with wondering eyes; but I saw the Captain with a white face go below, followed by the mate, and I knew that that which he had dreaded had happened—the good ship had struck on one of the sharp-pointed rocks of Santa Anna.

There was no outward sign of anything being wrong. One of the gentlemen said, half laughingly, "A submarine disturbance." One or two ladies asked what the noise was; then, as one replied, they forgot it. Only Mrs. Chaplin, turning to me, said:

"I did not know that it was impossible, I should say the ship had struck on a rock. I have heard a sound like that once before, and shall never forget it!"

Laurie turned to me with a look of fear on her lovely young face.

"What a strange noise! How the ship trembles! Is anything wrong, Sir Gordon?"

"They were to be slackened speed," I said; and she knew so little of nautical matters that that explanation simply satisfied her. Then I hastened to feel reassured. Surely, if anything had happened, we should have known it before now. All was as usual; the talking and laughing were resumed, the children went on with their play.

Two minutes afterwards I saw the carpenter and other workmen going down into the hold. In a few more minutes the noise of hammers was heard. The passengers looked at each other. "What was that?" they asked; and the answer was given by a grim-faced sailor. "Re-pairs in the hold." No one took much notice of it.

"Her dark eyes looked into mine.

"Then pay attention to me. There is danger. Your husband has told me about it; he has given you into my care. But I can safely say this—that, if you will be brave, with Heaven's help and blessing, I will save you."

"Oh, the cruel, treacherous sea!" moaned the poor child. "Save me from it!" Her innocent hands caught mine and held them; her innocent face, all streaming with tears, was raised to mine. "I am so frightened, Sir Gordon; I shall never forget all about me if his ship is in danger; he cannot help it—he will not have time to think of me."

"I shall see my children," said Mrs. Chaplin to me, "just as I saw them in my dreams; and Laurie Stewart, with a nameless fear in her eyes, clung closely to the brave woman.

I looked around, wondering over these at the fortitude of my countrymen, at the calm courage with which they were about to meet death. There seemed to be more question of earthly matters; such family matters in a little group apart; the Major had a Bible open before him, and he was reading words of consolation. I saw one little child fast asleep in its mother's arms—sister, with a smile on its lips. Meanwhile the one ship's boat was ready, and the cry was for the women, and children; but, alas, there was but little room. Two of the crew had to go in her to manage her, and there would be room for only eight more. Mrs. Vane was the first who demanded to go in the boat. For a person in her position "to be brought to sea and drowned like a dog" was unheard of. She demanded the first place in the boat; and, such is the power of determination, she had it. "You will love your husband, Mrs. Vane," said some one to her. She looked at the speaker with an air of scorn.

"My husband?" she said. "What is my husband compared to my life?"

"She was the first that was placed in the boat, and the second was Mrs. Chaplin; three young ladies followed, then Mrs. Leslie. I shall never forget her look at her husband as he stood on deck.

"Good-bye, my love," she said—"good-bye!"

Then there was a cry—"The Captain's wife!"

—and Laura Stewart, white death, and trembling in every limb, turned to me.

"Remember your promise," she said, in a voice of anguish. "You said I should be near you when I died." I bent over her.

"I shall swim after the boat," I replied. "Go; I will be near you."

She went up to the Captain.

"I am—go, Eric," she said. "Farewell!"

He was absorbed by imminent peril. Was it the supremacy of love or despair that made him avert his eyes from her upturned face and refuse to kiss her? She turned away with a tearless look.

"Let some one take me into my place in the boat," she said. "I have no wish to be buried."

But no one listened to her; every one loved the Captain's wife; they plied her in the boat, and I saw her drop like a dead leaf.

"I will, if I am living myself. What do you, Captain Hardwick?"

"I can hardly tell—a wound from the edge of a Santa Anna rock can seldom be healed. We shall see. Heaven is above all. We are on our best. We are on the right course again—that is one comfort."

But in the middle of the night, when darkness lay over the waters, we were roused again by the noise of hammers.

"It is very stupid," said the captain to the sleeping passengers, "of the captain to allow the men to work at night."

"I have promised to take care of you," I replied, "and I will keep my word."

"I am afraid I shall be a terrible coward," she said. "I would rather die than live in this lovely golden calm. Tell me how the mishap has arisen."

I told her the story just as that story had been told to me.

"And when—when will the calamity overtake us?" her white lips murmured.

"That I cannot tell—that no one knows. We must hope while we may. Heaven in its mercy may avert the doom of shipwreck."

"It is only my foreboding realized," said the Captain's wife. "Where others have heard music I have heard only a requiem in the noise of the tempest."

"I am so frightened," she said. "I am so frightened."

"There are so many men on board," she said, "surely they will devise some means of saving the vessel. Our case must be hopeless. Why, Sir Gordon, no one would think there was anything wrong."

This was true, but for the troubled faces of the officers and the exertions of the men working at the pump. The beautiful, delicate face was growing paler.

"I have often thought of death," she said quietly—death that is as the children say, "a falling asleep." I have dreamed of a grave covered with green grass and white daisies, but I cannot think of lying for all time under those restful waves. What would my mother have thought if any one would have told her, when I was a little child, that I should find a grave in the Indian Ocean? Is drowning a very terrible death, Sir Gordon?"

"People say not."

"They say that after the first struggle comes the drowning in the sun."

"I am not as bad as that, Captain."

"It is. I am not as bad as that. Captain."

"I see no hope. We must be lost."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TIM MARPLE'S
CAREER.

BY ALICE SULLAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The could not start, however great the necessity, without inquiring after the welfare of Mr. Robert, and, in his extreme sorrow, he learned that the good man had failed a victim to the fever, to which unenlightened people were liable, and had been interred in the cemetery at Assumption.

Tim had ridden so much since he arrived in this country, that he was now an experienced horseman. He rode off rapidly, and to Frank's great delight was soon lost in the darkness.

"I am glad I helped the poor fellow," thought Frank; "one good turn deserves another; he was kind to us at the hospital—indeed, he left my mother and little Lulu."

And tears came into his eyes as thoughts of his distant home came to him.

Tim rode along at full speed. The moon had not yet risen, for she was in her last quarter, and the light of the stars was obscured by clouds. The road was rough and hilly, and thickly strewn with stones, but Tim's heart was light, and the dangers were nothing to those from which he had so recently escaped.

As he neared the dangerous pass, the moon cast her first rising beams across the road.

Tim hailed her over as a good omen, and entered gallantly, with a fearless heart, into the intricacies of the forest.

The path was narrow, hardly admitting the horse to enter, but Tim pushed along, and was fast approaching the open country, when he was startled by a rushing sound among the leaves that strewed the road, while at the same time, he caught a glimpse of two gleaming objects that shone like diamonds from a thousand eyes.

Tim reined his horse to a standstill, and waited. The winds were propitious, and the passage was quickly made.

Frank had made up his mind to be suitable. He was joyously received by his parents, and all old offences were forgotten. He began a new life, and acknowledged to his father that his reformation was altogether owing to Tim, who sought him out and would not leave him in the hands of inquiry into which he had fallen.

Mr. Barnet received Tim with open arms.

"You have done nobly, my dear boy," said he; "now it is I that am deep in debt to you, who have brought me back my only son. Household

you are junior partner in the house of Barnet and Company. Frank and yourself shall be placed on an equal footing, and I shall hold you for the future as my second son."

After Frank's return, the sad expression, that Tim had often remarked and wondered over, vanished from Mrs. Barnet's face.

Laura had become a fine, blooming girl. Her affection for Tim was unchanged, and in after years the bond that held Tim to the Barnet family was made stronger by their marriage.

Years had passed, when one morning as Tim was engaged in his counting-room, (for Mr. Barnet had retired from the business and the firm was now Marple and Company), he was somewhat surprised to receive a sealed packet from Hester Ayers, their trade with South America having ceased; but how much more was astonished, upon an examination of its contents, to find that Don Antonio Gennage had made him sole to his vast estates.

The old man was very grateful for Tim's opportune assistance, and when they were journeying on the same road, they were together. Tim led his horse by the bridle the rest of the way, the branches of the trees hanging so low down as to prevent the possibility of riding.

They were soon out of the road and near a small Spanish town, where Don Antonio being well known, they were provided with the best accommodations the place could afford.

In the morning, Don Antonio set out for home, after presenting an invitation upon Tim to remain at his house during the rest of his stay in the country. Having met his servants at this place, he came thence into the wood to ascertain the nature of the bond with which they had had such a fearful encounter. The servants soon returned, bringing with them an immense panther's skin, which they presented to Tim as a trophy of his valor.

It was at this place that Tim was to meet Don Miguel. He found that gentleman waiting for him, and they proceeded together to Don Miguel's country residence.

Here Tim was entertained with much splendor. The house and surroundings were magnificent, and the family, consisting only of the wife and two daughters, vied with each other in leading him with favors. The time was spent in visiting places of note in the neighborhood, in fishing in the La Plata river, and in hunting and riding.

Tim was surprised at the regal splendor with which he was surrounded, and for a time gave himself up to all the luxury of the place.

Frank, too, had arrived, and Tim soon became warmly attached to this youth, as like his gentle mother in manners and appearance.

But with recovered health, the sense of pursuing his duties again became the leading thought of Tim's life. The unskillful goods that remained at Assumption were partly purchased by Don Miguel, and the rest, through his influence, were disposed of to very great advantage. Tim had the satisfaction to find that despite all the difficulties he had had to encounter, he had still made a handsome profit for his master.

Frank Barnet was not an un frequent visitor at the house of Don Miguel, who was an old friend of his father. The old man's daughters were lovely in their young womanhood. Possessed of great beauty, and highly educated, they were very charming. But Tim now saw much to love in the little, dependent Laura that his heart was steeled to all other attractions.

Tim had strong hopes of Frank's entire reformation, as he had promised to return home with him and be reconciled to his parents; but he was destined to a rude awakening.

One day Tim had received a large sum of money from Don Miguel in Frank's presence. When they were alone, Frank asked him what he intended to do with so large an amount. "I am in great need of money," he said, "and I hope you will supply me."

Tim looked at him in astonishment, then, recollecting that he had never replaced the sum given him by Frank, he immediately handed him a note, begging him to excuse his negligence, and saying, at the same time, that the obligation he was under for his freedom from prison he could never repay, though he could easily repay the loaned sum.

Frank replied he was sure he did not know the sum of money the sum he had given him contained, but that it was not of that he spoke. Then, in a tone of playful melancholy, he asked him what was the good of returning the money he had received from Don Miguel to his father. "You have," he continued, "risked your life in his service, and have already won his funds enough to secure his freedom, and still have. You would now be perfectly justified in retaining the rest of the money and repaying him, where your fortune would soon be restored, for you could enter into business with Don Miguel, take me into the firm, and marry my daughter, Angel, who is not only a charming girl, but possesses a large fortune in her own right."

"The thought," Tim said with pain to think that such a depraved soul should be in his family.

Frank replied: "If you return to Philadelphia,

Delphi, what will you gain by it? My father, of course, will ruin your salary, but you will be a clerk still, and perhaps remain in that position all your life, your abilities unappreciated. Here, you will rise to eminence in a few years, you will make a man of me, and provide me with a fortune, as well as yourself. What do you say, old fellow, to my proposal?"

Tim looked up sorrowfully into Frank's beautiful face, and then buried his own in his hands, while his whole frame trembled with emotion.

Then with an effort he controlled himself, as looking up he said: "You have destroyed one of the brightest hopes that ever dawned on my heart—the hope of your complete restoration to the favor of your father—and my house-factor. Money! what is it but dust compared to the joy that awaits you in the full love of your mother and the proud affection of your father. An only son like you, Frank, ought to be the light of your parents' declining years. If I had such a blessing in store for me, nothing should separate me from it for a single day."

Tim took his departure from Don Miguel's residence, regretted by all the family. His business in South America had all been satisfactorily transacted, and there was no need of his further stay in that country.

His preparations were soon made for his return, and, under the kind protection of Don Miguel, there was no longer any danger of his capture by the government.

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Frank replied: "If you return to Philadelphia,

Herbert and Leda.

"I'm afraid, sir, we cannot take a satisfactory place of work, until we have down the whole model-piece. You see it has been taken for me. There is a little mark at the back that must have been there a long time."

Herbert Payne looked roundly at his table of paper, his large bookcase, his pictures, busts, and grecian models that made his studio like the one room in the large house that seemed truly home to him.

"Very well," he said, "only we have got it up this time so that there will be no further annoyance."

Then Herbert Payne sat from the confusion to come, and took a grip of two weeks, absolutely without end or aim, excepting the escape from his disordered library.

Mrs. Beach, his housekeeper, took care that none of his treasures were injured, and when he returned there was no trace of the invaders, save that the falling model-piece was carefully

left his opinion sufficient to open the house.

The date was that of the day previous to that of Mr. Morrison's funeral.

When at last he opened and read it, tears that were no shame to Herbert Payne's manhood, came down his cheeks.

It humbly words Leda told him frankly the story already familiar to him and her own pen-silence condition.

"You may not care to claim a wife who stands now utterly alone, a beggar. But if—oh my heart will whisper hopefully—will still love me, you will find me here for a week longer. If you do not come, I shall go to you again for my involuntary debt, and I, shall accept a position offered by me as old friend as a governess to her children."

"Oh, my darling, my broken darling!" Herbert whispered, "where are you? Waiting for your wanted love. Despoiling your lover who doted you in sorrow and loneliness? It is too bitter!"

But calmer thoughts came at last, and after a long deliberation Herbert decided upon one more effort to gain tidings of his lost love.

In every city for a week, one leading newspaper contained this advertisement—

"LEDA.—The letter written thirteen years ago just reached me. Write again."

Herbert tore up the paper, and wrote again.

"I am glad to have you again for my involuntary debt, and I, shall accept a position offered by me as old friend as a governess to her children."

"Oh, my darling, my broken darling!"

Herbert's words Leda told him frankly the story already familiar to him and her own pen-silence condition.

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